



WILLIAM H. LEGGETT



MRS. NELLIE A. HAYWARD



REV. MR. PHILLIP GORDON

When College Days Were Wild

IF THERE is any one living who knows more about the old-time pranks and escapades of college students than any other person, that man is William H. Leggett, familiarly known as "Bill," who a quarter of a century ago was one of the three campus guards of Princeton College whose strenuous duties kept him on the jump all night long from the time a freshman entered until he became a sophomore.

There never was a more popular watchman with the students than "Bill," and every old grad will remember him—considerate, lenient, and one never to take undue advantage of his office. He played no favorites, but put them all on the same equality, and many a man whom he kept straight in youth owes his success in after life to the homely advice and admonition given him by "Bill."

But we will let Bill tell his own story. "There used to be an old colored personage by the name of Jimmy Johnson, who was a familiar character about the campus, and every living graduate of those days will remember him. Jimmy sold toothsome morsels, consisting of candy and fruit, to the students and professors who passed to and from the recitation halls. Every day in the year, rain or shine, he would be found sitting on the handles of his orange and black wheelbarrow peddling his wares.

"One day a new man came up from the South to take charge of the jurisprudence course, and his name was Professor Woodrow Wilson, now President Wilson. He was then a new man to Princeton, and likewise a stranger to Jimmy. He had graduated years before, and like the average graduate soon forgotten, unless he is an athletic star.

"It chanced one afternoon while on his way to a recitation hall, Professor Wilson came across Jimmy sitting on the handles of his wheelbarrow and waiting for business. The professor stepped up and purchased a couple apples of Jimmy, then walked away. When he tried them, however, he discovered that they were rather shopworn and of the vermiparous variety. The professor decided to do a little kidding with Jimmy, so he went back after recitation and acquainted him of the fact that he was selling damaged goods.

"Those apples I purchased of you a while ago were rather poor," said he. "Don't you know that it is wrong to cheat?"

"Y-y-yessah. I know hit am w-w-wrong t-t-to cheat," sputtered Jimmy, "but I w-w-wasn't cheatin', no sah. I reckon I w-w-was only followin' t-t-th' teachin' of de B-bub-bub-Bible."

"In what way?" questioned Professor Wilson.

"Why, hit am jes dis way, sah. Yo' am a n-n-new man t' me, sah, an' d-d-don't de Bub-bub-Bible say dat when yo' sees a s-s-stranger, take him in?" The professor went his way in meditation.

"Of all the fellows who used to come back for the good time there was none more jovial than Booth Tarkington, the author. One could always tell when he was on the war path, for he was invariably singing his favorite song, 'Danny Deever,' in that strong, deep voice of his. And when he was singing that way it meant that there would soon be something started and a door smashed in. Booth was usually accompanied on these rampages by 'Beef' Wheeler, the famous football guard, and when these 'Two Vanrevels' got together as a team it signified a lot of excitement.

"Late one evening at commencement time I was standing in the shadow of one of the buildings watching a group of old grads who were planning to start a rough house on a room, when I suddenly heard a racket issuing from a building across the way. Having located the room from which the argument seemed to come, I went upstairs and peeped around the corner. Standing before a door down the hall were Booth and 'Beef.' They were having a heated argument with the occupants and insisted upon entering. The room already contained a half dozen, but that didn't make any difference to 'Beef' and Booth.

"I was figuring to myself how the bunch were all going to find comfort in one little room, when Booth and 'Beef' settled the problem for me. They stepped back a few paces and then made a flying wedge for the door, both together in tandem fashion. There was a crashing of wood and the door flew open with the chargers landing in a heap among the occupants whom they immediately chased out."

—Chas. H. La Tourette.

Interesting People

FOR nearly seven years Arizona has been watching with great interest the progress of Mrs. Nellie A. Hayward, representative from Cochise County, now candidate for the office of secretary of state.

A woman who in little over two years has risen from the place of stenographer to the enrolling and engrossing committee to her present position of member of the house of representatives, and now holds the office of chairmanship of the same committee in the state deserves much credit. She modestly disclaims all honor, contending that her progress was but a fulfillment of a moral obligation to her friends who elected her and a desire to succeed.

Handicapped early in life by a limited education Mrs. Hayward has by undaunted will and precision mastered stenography, Spanish and a law course. Her personality and marked ability already girdle the state; but Mrs. Hayward's ambition will not be satisfied until the men and women in every state in the Union drop into the ballot box the expression of their desires.

Mrs. Hayward is chairman of the National Woman's Party in her state.

—Avis Vincent.

An Indian Leader

WHEN the first fur traders following the water routes entered the Northwest, they were trailed by the zealous missionary bent on winning the Indian to Christianity. Their tasks were the more arduous, their privations more keen, because they inadequately understood the Indian language and customs and the inborn superstitions of these people.

In the march of civilization, Indians have since been gathered on reservations and in two instances in the United States Indian priests have risen from among their own people to teach the gospel and to become leaders for a new Indian freedom.

In Northern Wisconsin ministering to three reservations—the Lac Court Creille, the Lac du Flambeau and the Pottawatomies—may be found Father Phillip Gordon, a Chippewa Indian priest with 3,000 persons in his congregations. His headquarters are at Reserve.

But Father Gordon is more than a missionary among his people. He is their spokesman asking for citizenship and an opportunity for his people in this work-a-day world.

"There is a vast amount of misinformation on Indian affairs and little true knowledge," declares Father Gordon. "The result is apathy of the public on Indian distress and abuses. The greatest menace to the Indians these days is tuberculosis. Among Wisconsin Indians, roughly, 35 per cent are infected with the disease. The Indians are a vanishing race notwithstanding reports of the Indian Bureau to the contrary. In one hundred years there will be few Indians in Wisconsin, if any, at the present death rate and infantile mortality.

"The object of my activities is to liberate the Indian from the abject bondage of the Indian Bureau, a political and un-American adjunct to the American Government. I hope to see the day when the Indians will be full-fledged and unconditional American citizens, taxpayers and voters and patriots all. The Indians have reached an acute stage in their transition period and with the breaking up of the reservation by the working out of the Dawes Act the Indians are gradually becoming independent units and the tribal conglomeration is being broken up."

And for leadership in this civilization advance this humble missionary has well prepared himself. Born in a hut amid the towering pines and hemlocks of Northern Wisconsin, in 1886, after a brief education in the public schools, his father moved the family to the Bad River Indian Reservation near Ashland, where the boy was duly given his allotment of land as a member of the Bad River tribe of Chippewas. After being educated in seminaries in this country and Europe and after visiting nearly all the countries of the Old World he returned to Northern Wisconsin to be ordained and begin his work.

—Fred L. Holmes.

A Friend and Comrade

THE world at large has never heard of Miss Edith Baines; in fact, the town in which she lives and teaches scarcely knew her until a very few years ago. It was then that slowly but surely as all true character must, her remarkable personality began to make itself felt.

The pupils who sit under her teaching day by day learn more than the mere textbook lessons which she teaches them. They learn to look above trivialities, to spurn that which is mean and base and to hitch their wagons only to those stars which shine high and bright. She shows the world to them through her eyes. She points out to them the truth though it be hidden far beneath a tawdry coat of error.

Miss Baines' influence is unbounded, for she knows her pupils; she is their friend and comrade as well as their teacher and counselor. So it is that as her pupils go out, either to a higher education or to take up their work in life, they go with higher ideals, wider views, and a clearer vision than they would had not Miss Baines been their guide.

Surely this woman—wise, good and loved—can claim a place among those hundreds of men and women who, though almost unnoticed, work that the work of others may be better; those men and women who are indeed "the Salt of the Earth." —C. M. D.

One Hundred Years Old



MRS. SOPHRONIA PETTITT

"THE first hundred years are the hardest," said Mrs. Sophronia Pettitt to the large congregation assembled to do her honor at the regular service of the First Baptist Church, at Kewanee, Illinois, on the Sunday preceding her 100th birthday, July 15, 1920.

Occupying a seat of honor in a comfortable rocker at the left of the pulpit, surrounded by elderly friends in easy chairs, with numerous bouquets of old-time flowers everywhere in evidence, "Grandma" Pettitt enjoyed to the full this most unusual service.

Faithful to her Christian beliefs from early youth and a Baptist for 84 years, she was an exemplification of the pastor's address, "God's Unfailing Care." In possession of all her faculties, able to read without the aid of glasses, she typified the peaceful winter of life reached through years of love and service, and though few may have known her outside the community where she lived, hers is an example of a full and simple life, while the reward of love and care with which she is now surrounded casts a golden glow over the lengthening shadows of her declining years.

Not only by the church of which she is a devoted member, but by the community as well, Mrs. Pettitt is held in the highest esteem. On Tuesday evening, July 13, the Rotary Club of Kewanee, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of its first citizen to arrive at such a venerable age, held a banquet in her honor at the Parkside Hotel.

—Byrd L. Taylor.